MARK TWAIN'S ASTRAL BOOK GETS A BUMP

It Comes to Town Via Ouija Board in St. Louis and Is Stalled.

"JAP HERRON" IS ENVOY

Dr. James H. Hyslop Is Receptive, but Mrs. Gabrilowitsch Is Not.

Somehow when our great writers get to be little astrals flitting around from cloud to cloud up in the next higher plane their style gets cramped and they start using a pale, ethereal ink. Speaking in plain earthly terms, their work acquires an odor that one somehow never associates at all with sweet astral things.

The other day somebody came to New York with a manuscript copy of "The Savior of the World," dictated by none other than the astral of the late two-fisted, square jawed Jack London. But the ouija board that did the work must have been a very gentle old lady board, because the story had about as much punch as, well say, the Russian army has.

And now pops up "Jap Herron," purporting to come direct from the immortal Mark Twain, via St. Louis. As has been remarked often before, anything can come from St. Louis, even "Jap Herron."

Mark's Astral Slump.

For some half century or so, when Mark was making life very much worth living around these parts, it was pretty generally recognized that he was doing a fair job of word joining. But alas, alas! Mark certainly has got into the wrong Washington Square crowd up in the astral plane. No one would ever dream that it was possible for a man's work to fall off in eight short years as his has slumped.

Of course, the old master hasn't been so very active lately and when he gets back in the swing of things he'll probably perk up a bit, but "Jap Herron" leads one to believe that Mark had better quit the ouija board for, say, an astral typewriter.

"Jap" has been out for some months and has even been here in New York. But his arrival didn't make much of a splash. In fact, nobody but Doc James H. Hyslop and some of the boys over at the American Society for Psychic Research and some of "our set" out in dear old St. Louis knew much about "Jap" being here at all until a day or two ago, when Charles T. Lark, attorney for Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who was Miss Clara Clemens, rose right up and declared "Jap Herron" wouldn't do at all, with Mark Twain's name in the background. And more, if Mitchell Kennerley, publisher of the volume, didn't call off the sale of the book and turn over the copyrights then Mitchell could look an injunction square in the face.

Has Picture of Clemens.

While the book does not bear the name of Mark Twain as author, the paper jacket carries the words, "Jap Herron; a novel written from the ouija board—with an introduction on 'The Coming of Jap Herron,'" and directly underneath is a picture of Samuel Clemens. This same picture of the great writer is used as the frontispiece to the book itself.

But if the cover of the book has no direct mention of Mark Twain, the forty-two page introduction of how little "Jap Herron" happened to come into Emily Grant Hutchings's home in dear old St. Louis—Emily being the wielder of the ouija board—is filled with references of how Mark used to call around regularly and write a chapter or two and then flip away. According to Attorney Lark, Mr. Clemens figures exactly sixty times in those forty-two pages, which is pretty good for any astral when everybody is all worked up about the war and heatless, wheatless Monday and everything like that.

According to Emily Grant Hutchings, who comes right out and signs this forty-two page introduction, one day in the family home in faraway St. Louis they were having a nice, sensible ouija tea party with some particular friends and the board was acting real ladylike, when suddenly it got nervous as if it was about to meet some noted person.

Mark Twain Appears.

"Well, I'm Mark Twain," it wrote right out there in plain sight.

Of course everybody thought Emily or somebody else was spoofing, but the board—she or whatever gender a ouija is—wrote some more, and Mark stayed around there awhile and then he went away from there. But a day or two later he dropped in again and pretty soon he was coming regular, and then he began dictating "Jap Herron" right over the ouija board. And when he told them that he guessed he'd done enough for one astral, Emily Grant Hutchings of St. Louis, she sent the book to Mitchell Kennerley and had it published.

According to Attorney Lark, only 1,000 volumes ever were printed and about half of these were sold to book dealers. Soon after the book came out Mr. Lark went to the publishing house and demanded that the edition be cancelled and the copyright turned over to him. Mitchell Kennerley, he declares, announced that no more copies would be sold anl promised to turn over the copyright, but has not done so.

The present contemplated action of getting an injunction against the publishing house comes as the direct result of an article in the *Journal* of the Research Society regarding the book by Dr. James H. Hyslop.

Calls the Book Silly.

When interviewed yesterday in Philadelphia Mrs. Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who is the wife of the famous pianist, characterized Dr. Hyslop's announcement of the book as "silly, foolish, stupid and crazy," and announced that her attorney, Mr. Lark, would seek an injunction at once.

"While Prof. Hyslop was engaged in his so-called research work," she said, "he sent many letters in which he asked me to confirm certain things my father is supposed to have said to him. I answered a few of these letters telling him that everything he had asked me about was false, and finally the whole proceeding became so annoying that I asked him not to write to me any more.

"It was so silly and stupid I could not waste my time talking or writing about it, because I did not want any such book published. I suppose it would be harmless, but what could be the use of it anyway? It is indescribably wild and foolish. I am sorry that even this preliminary announcement had to be made."

Mr. Lark, the attorney, said last night that it was unfair to the Clemens estate to make capital out of the name and reputation of the great humorist. The book he described as being a silly, sentimental tale of a boy in a small middle Western town who grows up to be a printer, only to fall in love and get married.

EDISON IS 71 TO-DAY; BUSY ON WAR PLANS

Inventor Won't Celebrate, but His Friends Will Do So.

Thomas A. Edison is 71 years old today; reckoning by ordinary standards. He has estimated that he is 130 years old, because he worked almost twice as many hours a year as the average man.

This being a workless day for most of the 8,000 men employed in various of the Edison factories, the anniversary celebration this year will be curtailed. Probably a fourth of the employees—those at the storage battery plant—will be at their work, however, each wearing his button on which reads "Edison 71."

The Association of Edison Pioneers, an organization made up of veterans in the Edison service, will celebrate the anniversary at luncheon at the Lawyers Club at 12:30 o'clock to-day. Mr. Edison won't be there. Nor will he be at the plant in Orange, as he usually is on his birthdays. Instead, he is somewhere in America on business connected with the war.

Mr. Edison is on the payroll of his own plant just as are the employees and draws an envelope weekly. On the last one he received was stamped a safety first slogan—"Don't Fool With Electricity; It's Dangerous." It is said the inventor smiled. His own brand of "fooling" with streaked lightning has set the world ahead a half century.

SUSPECT ADDRESSES OF ENEMY ALIENS

Police Believe Too Many Register as Lodgers in Cheap Hotels Here.

Many alien enemies who have been compelled to register in the police precincts of this city are giving their permanent domiciles as the Mills hotels, of which three are located in Manhattan. Records of the West Thirteenth street police station show that of the large number of aliens registered there almost one-half gave their homes as Mills Hotel No. 3, at 135 West Thirty-sixth street. In reviewing the other places of residence on their affidavits the police find that some of the "twenty-five cent a day alien enemies" were living in small towns throughout the State two or three weeks before the date of registration.

The police are inclined to the belief that many Teutons have gone to cheap lodging houses to avoid telling where they really lived. Other registrants, it is said, fearing that they might be discriminated against in small towns, have sought refuge in this city to get behind certain conditions which they feared might force them into unemployment.

In order that no misunderstandings may arise the police and agents of the Department of Justice will make a thorough canvass in verifying the affidavits filed in this city. The enemy aliens who have given their homes as the Mills hotels will receive special attention in the canvass. The police feel that many Germans will not be found at the lodging houses at which they are registered. If such proves the case the registrants will be searched for and if found they will be liable to internment for violating the registration law.

SECRET SERVICE DINES FLYNN.

Agents Give Silver Service to Chief Who Recently Resigned.

A dinner was given to William J. Flynn, former chief of the United States secret service, at Mouquin's restaurant, Twenty-eighth street and Sixth avenue, in the early hours of yesterday morning. The hosts were the men who had served under Flynn in the secret service. Because many of the out of town men could not reach the city until late, the dinner did not begin until midnight.

William H. Moran, who succeeded Mr. Flynn as chief, presided as toastmaster. He came from Washington especially to attend the dinner. Informal speeches were made by the toastmaster, by Capt. John J. Henry, Capt. Frank Burke and by Mr. Flynn. Vaudeville performers entertained the diners. The men gave a silver service to their former chief as a mark of esteem.

HELD FOR DRAFT PAPER FLAW

Montclair Contractor Accused of Falsifying Questionnaire.

Arrested upon complaint of A. C. Studor, United States Government appeal agent in Montclair, N. J., Joseph Cestone was held in $1,500 bail for a hearing next Thursday before United States Commissioner Samuel R. Kessler of Newark. Cestone, who is a contractor, is charged with falsifying answers to his questionnaire in the selective service by making misstatements relative to financial conditions and to dependency.

The authorities showed a disposition to withdraw the charges if Cestone would waive his claims for exemption and enter Class A, Division 1, but instructions from Washington, it is said, were that prosecution must be proceeded with in that and all similar cases.

WAR DOG ARRIVES WITH HIS MASTER

Gained Renown as Rat Catcher in British Trenches.

The British trenches on the western battle front are lamenting the loss of Michael, who, like other distinguished characters in history, is without the redundant luxury of a surname. Michael arrived at an American port yesterday with the man who loves him best, his boss and comrade, Capt. Purcell Jones. Michael is a wire haired—one might even say a live wire haired—fox terrier who made trench life on the French front bearable in the command of Capt. Jones by his sleepless crusade against rats.

Often while Capt. Jones was sleeping the slumber of utter exhaustion the big trench rates made an effort to gnaw pieces out of his legs. They might have succeeded if Michael, who can lick his weight in trench rats, had not pounced upon and despatched them. It was possible to go to sleep at night with the cheerful consciousness that you would be all present in the morning while Michael was on guard.

Now it is different, because Michael is no longer a trench ratter. His boss is permanently out of the war game through wounds and is here to superintend an exhibition of his decorative painting. While convalescing in England Capt. Jones has done work for Lady Arthur Paget that will be sold for war charities. Capt. Jones said in the presence of Michael that he was the best rat catcher in the British lines, and Michael wagged his tail in joyful approval.

Man Seized on Liner a Portuguese.

The Spanish Line announced yesterday that a man calling himself Ernesto Peres, taken from the steamship Alfonso XII. to Ellis Island just before the departure of the liner four days ago, was not a Spanish subject, but a Portuguese, whose right name is Antonio de Costa. No Spanish subject, an official of the line said, had yet violated American law during the war.

RICH EAT LATE AS CHEFS LAUD HOOVER

Household Employees of Wealthy Persons Hear How to Economize.

NOTED WOMEN IN CROWD

"Who's Who" of Butlerdom and Queens of Cookstove Enliven Meeting.

Mr. Hoover, the man down in Washington who is showing us how we can have all that is good for us to eat and at the same time save vast quantities of the essential foods necessary for winning the war, has the household employees of New York's well-to-do families back of him in his food conservation programme. There isn't any doubt about this, according to Arthur Elliott, butler for Mrs. James Speyer, who presided at a meeting of the Patriotic Food League at the Century Theatre yesterday afternoon.

And Arthur probably wasn't far wrong in his belief, judging by the enthusiastic way in which the butlers, chefs, plain cooks and waitresses clapped their hands when the speakers made telling points. In fact it was very embarrassing for the speakers at times because the big audience, very much alive to what was coming, broke into applause before those on the platform had a chance to round out their most effective sentences.

Everybody in Who's Who of butlerdom, chefs whose names are reverently whispered in appreciative society circles and queens of the cook stove whose culinary reputations are equally precious, were all there. The theatre has a capacity of 2,890, but there weren't seats enough to go around. Arthur was authority for the modest statement that 3,500 were in the house.

There were many more women than men in the audience, and it can be set down as news that this particular group of household employees was made up, by and large, of just about as happy and good looking women as one had any right to expect a group of their mistresses to be.

All Pledged to Hooverize.

Many mistresses sat in the boxes and were as pleased as their employees over the success of the unusual meeting. These women are all pledged to Mr. Hoover's campaign for the rationing of the rich and all insisted on late Sunday dinners or suppers in order that their household employees should set the pace for the servants of well to do families in other cities in the matter of standing behind Mr. Hoover.

In the boxes were Mrs. F. Gray Griswold, chairman of the executive committee of New York's Honor System for Food Saving by Voluntary Rationing; Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Edmund Baylies, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Mrs. William Douglas Sloane, Mrs. James Speyer, Mrs. James Lanier, Mrs. Daniel Guggenheim, Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. John Kane, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Mrs. Henry W. Alexander, Mrs. Robert Bacon and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness.

Arthur Williams Federal Food Administrator for this city, an appreciative spectator, sat in an upper box.

The Very Rev. Ignatius Smith, director of the Society of the Holy Name, stirred up interest at once by declaring it to be a deep problem whether the war is to be won by bread or bullets.

"We cannot win it," he said, "without the cooperation of both these forces."

There was a machine fire of handclaps when Father Smith exclaimed: "Any man who wants to be more comfortable, wants more luxuries or wants more privileges here at home than any ordinary soldier in France is a traitor to his country."

Priest Praises Food Dictator.

He urged all to do his or her share of the necessary food saving and thanked God that the nation has such an able man as Mr. Hoover at the head of its Food Administration.

Mgr. L. Gillet, Mrs. F. Gray Griswold's French chef, chairman of the chefs committee of the Patriotic Food League, made a short speech, much punctuated with applause, in which he said all household workers should support the Government in its gigantic task of conserving food. He contended it was the duty of all to use substitutes for certain essential foods, and told his fellow professionals to remember always that "left overs can always be used in a hundred different ways." He made a strong appeal for the elimination of all waste in the kitchen, pantry and dining room.

Major John R. Murlin, director of the food division in the Surgeon-General's office, said that the amount of food wastage in the military camps is lower than the average waste in the average household.

"In six camps," he said, "the figures show that a soldier eats one-half pound of bread a day, or 3½ pounds a week. You are asked to eat not more than 3 pounds. A soldier eats three-quarters of a pound of meat a day, or a little over 5 pounds a week. That is more than you can have. (The ration card calls for a weekly allowance of 2¼ pounds.) The soldier eats one-half ounce of butter a day, or 3½ ounces a week. You are allowed 8 ounces."

Harry Holmes, an Australian who superintended the work of the Y. M. C. A. on the British front in France and Flanders for two years, stirred the big audience with his narration of some of the events occurring on the western front and urged everybody to stand behind the army and the President in the war against the barbarity and insatiate cruelty of the Germans.

War pictures of Pershing's men in France and a food saving film were shown.

The audience arose as the Hoover pledge was thrown on the screen, and patriotic emotions ran high as a Coast Artillery band from Camp Mills played the "Star Spangled Banner." Then the butlers, chefs and cooks hurried home to prepare a belated Hooverized Sunday evening meal.

EAST SIDE CHURCH DEDICATED.

Auxiliary Bishop Hayes Presides at Impressive Ceremonies.

The new Roman Catholic Church of Mary Help of Christians, in Twelfth street, between Avenue A and First avenue, was dedicated yesterday with impressive ceremonies. The Right Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, Auxiliary Bishop of New York, presided. Many dignitaries assisted.

Police reserves were required to hold back the large crowd that tried in vain to get into the church. The dedication opened with the blessing of the interior and exterior of the church by Bishop Hayes. Mgr. M. J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, celebrated the solemn pontifical mass.

The new church contains four shrines, those of "Our Lady of Lourdes," "Mary Help of Christians," "The Sacred Heart" and "St. Joseph's." The Rev. Frederick Barni is rector.

The initial sermon on the theme "The Victory of Christ" was delivered in Italian by the Rev. Joseph Silipigni.

SAVED ONLY BY HIS LUCK IN WEST FRONT BATTLES

Corporal MacNamara, One of 600 Survivors of Canada's First 13,000, Tells of His Escapes From Death in Carnage at Ypres and on Other Fields.

A khaki clad youngster home on leave from one of the camps leaned heavily last night against the marble railing that edges the balcony around the main waiting room of the Grand Central Terminal and gently swore.

"There's Mac, damn him. Dear old Mac, who's been over the top an' everything and got wounded, and now he's a hero with gold stripes while I'm just a miserable recruit with a new fangled hat all dressed up and no stories to tell."

The gaze of his wistful gray eye was directed to the centre of a group of perhaps fifty or sixty men and women who seemed to be vying with one another to ask questions, shake the hand, or press a pack of cigarettes into the palm of a ruddy faced Canadian soldier who was acting like a bashful kid wearing his first "longies."

Mac, it developed, had been on a ranch out west in Colorado with the Yankee boys, but had "gone and gotten married" and left to live in Vancouver with his bride. Nothing had been heard from Mac by his friend after the war broke out and he had received a letter saying that the centre of the admiring group below had enlisted with the first Canadian contingent of 13,000 men.

Some of the Six Hundred.

In every part of the waiting room similar groups could be seen, and in the centre of each a Canadian soldier. The American soldier explained this wise:

"They're a few of the few. They went away 13,000 of them and they came back 600. Let's get Mac away from that bunch before they kiss him to death. Gee, with all that bunch of smokes they're piling on him he'll be able to go into the tobacco business when he gets home."

It was a difficult job to get Mac away from the clinging hands, but finally it was done, and after Mac had pawed over his American friend and the American had hugged his old Canadian pal, breaking all the cigars that had been crammed into a left side pocket, a quiet sitting down spot was found and Mac, who is Corporal McNamara of the Seventh Battalion, told his story.

"I suppose you want to know what I think about the war?" said Mac as a start. "Everybody wants to know that, but what I think doesn't matter, because everybody thinks differently; but I'll give you my greatest impression, an impression that will be with me as long as I live. I believe—and I don't care how many professors argue about it—I believe that war is a matter of luck for every man who goes over. I think one man is born lucky and another isn't. I'm one of the lucky ones, and before I'm through you'll agree with me.

"Well, boys, we went over there in February, 1915, and generally speaking a few minutes after we got there we were in the thick of it at Wipers." Wipers is Mac's way of saying Ypres, and nobody corrected him.

"I was one of a machine gun company and they picked every one of them off but me. This gave me a chance to work the gun, and I pumped away for dear life until I got scratched up and had to quit."

"Scratched up" means that Mac got a bullet through the shoulder and another through the arm.

"A few weeks later I was back again and right in the middle of it. The Germans were as thick as flies, and all we could do was to back up and wipe off as many of them as we could while we backed. One thing I found out, and that is that the Germans are very poor at hand to hand fighting. They haven't got what we call 'guts.' This doesn't apply to the Prussian regiments, the real Prussians. They can fight and do fight as well as anybody. If a Prussian's throat is cut before he dies he'll whip out his revolver and fight from the ground. But I must tell you about my luck. My experience with the machine gun company was the first streak, and the second came when I was given charge of twelve men in a dugout.

Killed Every One of Them.

"I walked away for a minute to the telephone at one end of the dugout when a Busy Bertha (big shell) came plump down on my men and killed every one of them. The next day another Bertha hit the side of the trench where I was and killed every man near me. I was buried under a ton or so of earth but managed to dig myself out. Then the battle of the Somme——"

"Gee whizz, you lucky devil!"

It was the American soldier, who couldn't hold back an envious sigh.

"In the battle of the Somme," Mac continued, "I drank some poisoned water and was as sick as a cat. So they sent me back to billets for a few days, and while I was lying on a bed a bullet came through the room and went right through the bedclothes and my trousers hanging on a peg. Here it is," and he dug into his pocket and pulled out a flattened drop of lead. "Then I went back to the trench, and got a couple more scratches, so they sent me home."

"Well," said the American soldier after a moment's silence, "I guess you're lucky all right."

"Lucky? Lucky?" exclaimed Mac, and he seemed to be gazing afar off, "my boy, if you could see who's going to run into these hungry arms of mine when I step off the train in Vaucouver seven days from now you wouldn't just say I was lucky. You'd say I was the most blastedest, luckiest, happiest, chaziest son of a sea cook in the world. And you'd be absolutely right."

WHITMAN PROUD OF N. Y. MEN IN ARMY

Warned, He Prepared for Trouble Over Draft, but It Failed to Appear.

Gov. Whitman told an audience of Y. M. C. A. men in the West Side branch, West Fifty-seventh street, yesterday that despite the honors that have come to him he envied those whose youth gives them the right to hope for a part in the great drama of reconstruction that will come with peace.

"It is a wonderful thing to be a boy to-day," said the Governor. "Think of the great experiences that will come to the young men who will direct the destiny of this country after you and I are gone. I cannot help but envy them. Much of the old social order has passed already, but we cannot even guess at the extent of the vast changes that will be accomplished because of the spiritual rebirth the war has brought to mankind."

The Governor's subject was "The American Youth: His Leaders and Teachers." He praised the people of New York State, who have sent 164,000 men to the colors where only 122,000 were asked by the Federal Government, the conduct of the men who have gone, particularly the drafted men, the skill of the military leaders who trained the conscripted men at Camp Upton, and the work of the Y. M. C. A.

"As the time for the registration provided for in the selective draft law approached we in Albany were apprehensive," he said. "I was told time and time again that there would be trouble. I sent word to the authorities all over the State to be prepared. While we were making ready for trouble, however, we did not realize that the people were preparing to enter wholeheartedly upon the greatest idealistic enterprise in which a nation ever engaged.

"Of course, there was no trouble. Boys to the number of 122,000 registered in this State without a trace of disorder. They will do their part. Whether it be somewhere in France or somewhere in Germany they are going to demonstrate their right to the uniform and the heritage of the American soldier.

"It is for us to be sure that we are all right, so that when these boys come back their country will be ready to take care of them and see to it that they have not suffered in vain.

"What are we going to do? Marvellous to me was the parade of the boys from Upton the other day. I saw them when they went away. I confess I did not think they would ever become very formidable soldiers. It was a wonderful transformation when they marched down Fifth avenue that second time.

"What has been done for these young men by three or four months training under the direction of United States army officers can be done to some extent for all the boys of the United States by their fathers if they will give their sons the proper kind of training."

MURDER WITNESS FOUND.

Orange, N. J., Slayer Described—Reward Offered for Capture.

The Board of City Commissioners of Orange, N. J., yesterday had circulars sent out announcing $1,000 reward for the arrest of the man who on Friday night murdered and robbed James J. Haag, proprietor of the jewelry store at 6 Cone street, in the heart of the business district.

An accurate description of the man was obtained from a Manhattan bank employes, who witnessed the holdup, but was too frightened at the time to do more than run to his home. Saturday the young man, whose age is 19 years, told a supervisor at the bank and was advised, he says, to write an anonymous letter to the police. This he did, and in some manner his identity was discovered.

The writer said yesterday that the murderer was 40 years old, slightly under six feet high, of florid complexion, smooth shaven and smartly dressed. He wore overshoes with red soles, said the young man.

HOT LUNCHES HELP 23 GAIN 36 POUNDS

School 40's Juvenile Food Scouts Show Fine Improvement for Five Weeks.

They never heard of "vitamines"
Or "protein," if you please,
And "calories" for all they know
Might be some new disease.
But one thing that they recognize,
On which they'll bet a hat,
They're feeling better every day,
And getting mighty fat.

They took tabs yesterday on the score or so of kids who started five weeks ago to eat hot luncheons scientifically prepared under the auspices of the People's Institute, the New York School Lunch Committee and the Post Graduate Hospital, and the results showed that out of twenty-three all but two of the little tummies had caused their various mamas to shift buttons.

The "Food Scouts," as the children have come to be known, numbered twenty-five, but two failed to respond to the roll call at weighing time because one had to stay home to take care of baby while mother went a-washing, while the other had to do chores. So twenty-three of them were weighed and examined and the figures show that there has been a total gain of 36 1-16 pounds for the five weeks. This is considered to be a true triumph for the experiment, which was undertaken to show that school children should be provided every day with hot and substantial lunches.

Last week seemed to be the worst of the five on the increased weight question, as the scales at Public School 40, 314 East Twentieth street, showed that seven of the scouts had lost.

Four of the boys showed a decrease of 1 ounce, one lost 8 ounces, one 2 ounces and another about 2 ounces. The others all gained except two, whose weight remained the same as the week before. The biggest gain for the fifth week was 2 pounds 7 ounces for one boy. The other gains over a pound were 1¾, 1⅝ and 1 pound. The remainder gained, but less than a pound each.

Besides providing better health and increased weight the experiment is bringing about certain reforms that were unexpected. Instead of rebelling against the rules laid down at luncheon forbidding coffee, tea or other stimulants, the boys have told their teachers that in some cases they have influenced their parents along these lines. In many of the twenty-five houses cocoa has come to be the favorite beverage at breakfast and dinner times.

Although the ages of the boys range between 9 and 12 years, it was discovered that in some of the homes it had been the custom of the parents to give them small quantities of wine or beer. In every instance the boys themselves have voluntarily refused these stimulants at home since becoming Food Scouts, and are well on the road toward becoming future supporters of the prohibition movement.

900 WILLIAMS MEN IN WAR.

New Publication Pays Honor to College Fighters.

More than 900 Williams men out of a total of 4,000 living alumni are enrolled in the military organization of the United States. This information, with statistics to bear it out, is contained in the first copy of a new publication printed by the Williams Club and known as *Ephraim Williams—a Soldier*.

The publication is so named in honor of the founder of Williams College, who was a Colonel of Massachusetts troops in the wars with the French and Indians in the middle of the eighteenth century. Col. Williams fell at Fort Ticonderoga in 1755. By the terms of his will Williams College was founded.

Williams men always have rallied quickly to the colors in any war activities of the United States. In the present war nearly 25 per cent. of all Williams men are in the service, and more than 20 per cent. of the membership of the Williams Club of New York is already enrolled.

CAMP UPTON HITS MORE RAPID GAIT

Private Denny Dugan Says 308th Regiment's Parade Was Eye Opener.

BOTH FOR CITY AND BOYS

Soldiers Have New Look of Confidence and Pride as Result.

Special Despatch to THE SUN.

CAMP UPTON, Feb. 10.—"What do them Germans think they can do—scare us guys by sinkin' one of our troop ships? Say, I wish we was sailin' tomorrow instead of waitin' a couple of months."

Private Denny Dugan of the Army of Freedom tilted his trick winter cap one-half inch more over his right eye, and then continued his speech.

"We should get all het up because one of them sharks happen—happen, I said—to hit one of our boats and get a couple hundred of our boys. That's just one more thing we're goin'a make the Kaiser and his crew pay for. He'll wish he'd saved one of them submarines to escape in when two or three million of us soldiers get over there and with all them French and Tommies start drivin' east."

Private Denny, whose words reflected the heart of any one of the hundreds of barracks in this great camp, moved his cap back the half inch—but, fear not, it was still sufficiently cockey and rakish to suit even a battle scarred Highlander.

Glad to See the Old Town.

"Say, old New York kinda fell for us the other day when we marched down Fifth avenue, didn't she?" he went on. "I guess they thought we was a kind of a cheesey outfit, but we sure knocked 'em dead when we give 'em that 'Eyes right!' in front of the reviewing stand last Monday. Well, it's time they got wise to our army out here, and say, I wishit that gang at Washington could give us the O. O. so they'd ship us on over where the big noise is right away. The gang is nuts to go—but honest, we was glad to see the old town give us that big hand and show us they was for us strong."

Modesty stopped Denny for a second or two, and then he took up again the gallant recital of the charms, virtues and glories of this remarkable National Army of ours.

"You know us drafted guys was in a kindova funny position. We didn't know whether to be sore or nasty or what when we first come down here in September and October—or whether to just kid the thing along and make the best of the job. Well I guess most of us did that last and pretty soon we found that we was treated fine and had plenty to eat and good beds and lots of fun when we wasn't drilling and that if we just did what we was supposed to do and didn't get fresh or nothin' we'd have a pretty fair time in the army after all. And most of the officers showed us they was regular guys and was for us all the way there and back, and whenever anything went wrong that wasn't our fault they'd go to the mat for us and see us through it.

It Helped a Lot.

"Well, the papers was always boostin' us and our game, but we never did know just what the city really thought of us until the old 308th hiked down the avenue. And then we saw that when the newspapers said we was there like a million bucks and the people was all behind us and didn't care a whoop whether we was draft men or volunteers or just plain durn fools as long as we was Uncle Sam's soldiers, well, we saw it was all straight stuff, and say, it done us boys out here a lot of good. But just wait until a little later, when the weather gets better and we hit the old town with about four regiments—they'll be able to hear 'em cheer us clean to Berlin."

And Denny is right. New York city finally did claim its own and will do even more than that one of these fine days—and the boys out here in this wonderful camp realize it now. Everywhere there is to be seen the effect of this new understanding, and with the realization that the home city is back of them to the limit, the pride of these fighting boys had doubled and trebled over what it ever was before.

Visitors to-day marvelled at the great change that has come over the camp in the last three or four weeks. Everything has taken on a settled air. There is nothing temporary or passing about the great plant and cantonment—rather there is a fine spirit of completeness and maturity and full awakening.

Military City Grows.

To the 1,500-odd Government built buildings there have been added a score and more of private and semi-public constructed ones, including Y. M. C. A. huts and a great auditorium, K. of C. buildings, Y. W. C. A. hostess houses, a beautiful officers' house and a smaller but magnificently furnished officers' club, a remarkable main library containing 30,000 volumes, a large church and several regimental halls. These buildings, the greater number of which are grouped around Headquarters Hill, have given to the post the same feeling and tone that the business section gives to any city of 40,000 or 50,000.

Then, in the soldiers, too, there has come a new look of confidence and pride. These city boys know that they have all the qualities that go to make rattling good soldiers. They have felt the pull and the fire and the surge that five months' clean, healthy, open air living and drilling give, and they realize that when their training is completed they will be fully the equal of any soldiers on earth.

Nor has all the talk of inefficiency in high places had the least effect on them. They know that as far as they are concerned Uncle Sam's soldiers are well clothed, well shod—all the boys out here now have fine, warm, old fashioned arctic overshoes—well fed, well officered and well looked after. In this Metropolitan Division, every rifle bearing soldier has a brand new Lee-Enfield rifle, webb cartridge belt, bayonet and scabbard and over in the post warehouses are full outfits of field equipment for all the troops in the division.

Sufficient Machine Guns.

The machine gun battalions and the machine gun companies in each regiment now have sufficient guns for practice and there are both the Lewis and the French Chauchat automatic machine rifles for infantry practice. In the three artillery regiments additional field pieces have been added so that training can be rushed ahead and the units made ready so that when their own guns are turned over to them in France they will be prepared to go into action in a short time. Every day there are scores of classes in the specialty schools under the tutelage of the French and British corps of instructors assigned to this camp. These courses in bombing, bayonet fighting, grenade throwing, gas defence, liaison, &c., are attended by both officers and non-coms, who in turn will instruct their respective companies.

SPIES BLAMED FOR TWO NEWARK FIRES

Loss at the Lehigh Valley Freight Station Is Put at More Than $250,000.

KLAXON PLANT DAMAGED

Shots Fired at Mysterious Fleeing Stranger, Who Escapes Unharmed.

Two fires of unquestioned incendiary origin, which occurred in Newark within a few hours of each other yesterday morning, are believed to have been the work of German spies. One fire destroyed the Oak Island freight transfer station and thirty-five freight cars of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The other caused $3,500 damage at the plant of the Klaxon Company, manufacturers of automobile horns, at 194 Wright street, not far from the transfer station.

A watchman at Klaxon plant says he fired five shots at a man whom he saw running away from the buildings at the time the fire was discovered, about 5 o'clock. The man escaped. It is estimated that the damage at the freight house will amount to $250,000 or $300,000.

The fire at the Lehigh Valley station was discovered just before 2 o'clock by one of the three watchmen. The blaze was on the first floor of the administration building, which is frame and two stories high. The watchman rang an alarm and then started to fight the fire, the other watchman joining him. The fire spread rapidly and was beyond control before any substantial assistance arrived.

The station was a wooden structure 800 feet in length by 20 feet wide, most of which was a platform. Along the centre was a line of heavy wooden timbers supporting a wooden peak roof. On the western end of the platform was the administration building. To the west were two old box cars on stilts, with the trucks removed, that were used for the bailing of waste paper.

Transfer Station Prey for Fire.

Strings of freight cars were on the tracks on either side of the transfer station. There was an enclosed stairway in the office building that ran from the first to the second floor that had neither door at the top or bottom. The building was heated by steam from the boiler house about 1,000 feet away. The pipes were overhead. At one side of the room on the second floor there was an electrical transformer about eight feet square, in which all the electrical wires in the yards centred, being redistributed through conduits.

This room also was used as a cooperage for the repair of barrels and boxes that were broken in transit. In making their investigation the fire authorities learned that there was a lot of cooperage material, including odd shipments of freight that had gone astray, under the stairway on the first floor. The fire hose and fire pails and a few axes that the railroad officials had on hand to use in case of fire also were there.

It was under these stairs that the watchman saw the fire first.

When the city firemen arrived the entire freight station was in flames and the fire had spread to many of the cars. The freight yards are far out on the meadows, and the firemen were handicapped for lack of water because the hydrants in that section are few and far between.

No Munitions on Cars.

Switching engines which were at work in the yards were used to save the cars which the fire had not reached. According to the railroad men, many of the cars were empty. The investigation showed that none carried ammunition. While one of the cars was being shunted away flames broke out in it when it neared the temporary wooden bridge on Bay avenue over the Lehigh and Pennsylvania Railroad tracks. But it was pushed away before the flames could damage the bridge.

A report was circulated that the bridge, which was erected recently at a cost of $90,000, had burned. Hundreds of persons visited the scene of the fire and found this to be untrue, as the bridge was not even scorched.

Capt. C. Albert Gasser and Inspector William H. Francisco of the Bureau of Combustibles and Fire Risks made a survey of the ruins later in the day. One of the reasons why the fire spread so quickly, Mr. Gasser thought, was due to the fact that the office building was stocked with way bills and duplicates in flimsy. Most of these flimsy sheets were discarded, but had to be held for a certain period under law. The original records also were destroyed with these duplicates.

Started in One Place Only.

The fire officials had been informed that the fire had broken out in several different places about the same time, but on their investigation they learned positively from the watchmen, they said, that it started in the office building.

One of the cars contained heavy lubricating oil for use on the transformer and while this was not highly inflammable, Capt. Gasser said, it burns. This car caught fire, the barrels of oil exploded and the burning fluid flowed along the tracks, burning up the ties for a distance of several hundred feet. In some places the ties were entirely destroyed and left the bare rails and spikes badly buckled.

The fire in the Klaxon plant was discovered in a building for tempering metal that is used in the horns. The building is a one story frame structure and contains three fuel burning ovens. The roof and one side of the building burned, but the ovens were not touched. The oil had been emptied out of the ovens Saturday night.

Clarence A. Hodes of 211 Astor street, the watchman in the plant, told about shooting at a man he saw running in the yard at the time he saw the reflection of the fire. In the excitement he said he fell from a platform, smashing his lantern and losing his nightstick.

MOTOR TRUCK TRAINS TO HELP RAILROADS

New York-Buffalo Line to Open This Week.

A motor truck transportation service between Buffalo and New York will be established this week by the New York State Defence Council in an effort to relieve railroad congestion. Arrangements for the trip of the first train of sixty trucks are being made.

The route from Buffalo will follow the old Genesee trail to Albany, with stops at Rochester, Geneva, Syracuse, Utica and Amsterdam. From Albany the trucks will come down the east bank of the Hudson, with stops at Hudson and Peekskill.

County home defence committees have been asked to arrange accommodations for the 160 men of the first train. Major H. F. Bailey, who will be in charge, will announce the schedule soon.

The Sun Calendar

THE WEATHER.

For eastern New York and New Jersey, fair to-day and to-morrow; little change in temperature; moderate west winds.

For northern New England, snow flurries to-day; slightly colder; fair to-morrow; moderate northwest winds.

For southern New England, fair to-day and to-morrow; not much change in temperature; moderate west winds.

For western New York, fair to-day and to-morrow; slightly warmer.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—The weather has been fair in the last twenty-four hours except in New England, where light snow has fallen, and on the north Pacific coast, where rain has again set in. The temperature remains above the seasonal average in all parts of the country except New England and along the Atlantic coast, in the Rocky Mountain region it is unseasonably warm.

Generally fair weather is indicated for the Washington forecast district during the next forty-eight hours, with continued mild temperature.

	8 A. M.	8 P. M.
Barometer	30.00	29.96
Humidity	62	48
Wind—direction	N. W.	N. W.
Wind—velocity	9	8
Weather	Cloudy	Clear
Precipitation	None	None

The temperature in this city yesterday as recorded by the official thermometer is shown in the annexed table:

8 A. M.	26	1 P. M.	33	6 P. M.	24
9 A. M.	27	2 P. M.	33	7 P. M.	24
10 A. M.	27	3 P. M.	32	8 P. M.	24
11 A. M.	27	4 P. M.	33	9 P. M.	24
12 M.	32	5 P. M.	33	10 P. M.	24
1918.		1917.		1918.	1917.
9 A. M.	27	12	6 P. M.	34	19
12 M.	32	17	9 P. M.	31	18
3 P. M.	33	21	12 Mid.	25	18

Highest temperature, 33, at 10 P. M.
Lowest temperature, 23, at 5 A. M.
Average temperature, 30.

Observations yesterday at United States Weather Bureau stations showing atmospheric conditions in the various cities:

	Temperature High.	Low.	Wind	Rain	Weather
Atlantic City	33	27	S.W.		Clear
Eastport	18	16	N.W.	.04	Clear
Boston	30	25	W.		Cloudy
Jacksonville	78	72	W.		Clear
Chicago	41	40	S.W.		Clear
St. Louis	49